

# The TATLER

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and **BYSTANDER**

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# THE TATLER

LONDON  
JANUARY 5, 1944

and BYSTANDER

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Lady Rosemary Nutting and Davina

Lady Rosemary Nutting was photographed in the autumn with her three-year-old daughter, Davina Rosemary Enid, at Badminton, Gloucestershire, where she is living. She is the elder daughter of the sixth Earl of St. Germans and of Lady Blanche Douglas, and the widow of Captain Edward Nutting, second son of Sir Harold Nutting, Bt., and Lady Nutting, of Quenby Hall, Leicestershire. Her husband, who was in the Royal Horse Guards, was killed on active service early last year. Sir Harold Nutting's eldest son was killed in 1940





# WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

## Success

ONE thing is obvious. The sinking of the *Scharnhorst* was the result of very good management more than any kind of luck. The whole operation must have been carefully planned in advance. Well in advance; and the Germans were caught in a trap. The *Scharnhorst* was coaxed out of her Christmas lair by what she must have imagined was a more or less helpless convoy. She has paid the price. It would be interesting to know what, if any, further adventures have befallen that particular convoy! Anyway, we have seen a piece of perfect naval timing, in which the little ships played as gallant a part as the great *Duke of York*. It all happened when the Royal Air Force was grounded by "tradition," and there was a Christmas lull over this country, and night was longer than day in Arctic waters. Sir Bruce Fraser, Commander-in-Chief Home Fleet, must have chosen the Christmas season purposely for the convoy plan. Yet I am still puzzled to know how the *Scharnhorst* was lured out of her comparatively comfortable berth on Christmas Day of all days. There must be an interesting and thrilling story behind this. But without organisation, and imagination, as well as practice I doubt whether this success would have been recorded. I remember learning, after the great battle of the *Graf Spee*, how the precise operation which brought her to grief had been practised more than forty times by men and ships on that station.

## Reactions

THE punch-drunk Germans are not likely to be unduly affected by the news. All news is bad to them nowadays, and the German people are not sea-minded. But the German High Command have had to recognise the loss as a major Allied victory. It comes on the top of the recent sharp decline in the effective power of the U-boat. I am sure that the German people in this New Year will be more concerned about the break through of the Russians in the Kiev sector. There will be something more real in this land reverse for them. They pin their faith on the German Army, and when it is knocked about they can be very unhappy. Reports indicate that even more than bombing, German people fear the advance of the Russians. The German has a mortal dread of a Russian victory. No doubt the man in the street in Germany realises that a time comes when atrocities must be paid back.

## Switched

FOR a long time it had been known that General George Marshall was President Roosevelt's choice to lead the Western Invasion Command, and that Mr. Churchill had fully concurred. General Marshall is held in high esteem by all British Ministers who have met him. They have nothing but praise for his qualities of character and his gifts as an administrator, and

therefore they were ready to welcome him. But when the final decision had to be made it seems that President Roosevelt found that he could not spare General Marshall from his key post in Washington. This is easily understood. General Marshall is not only an administrator of high rank, he is an effective co-ordinator of the American armed forces with a charming but forceful way of settling disputes as they arise. Above all, he has much political wisdom, which is an asset to any President, and more so to President Roosevelt in election year.

## Praise

GENERAL EISENHOWER's appointment has the virtue of maintaining a continuity of contact. He knows the workings of the British service minds now as well as he does those of his own country. His appointment, therefore, avoids the necessity of any interruption in the search for efficient and smooth co-operation, such as there must have been had General Marshall set up headquarters in this country. General Eisenhower's integration of the joint staffs in North Africa was regarded as a model. It is probably true that when the invasion of Sicily began and then developed into the Italian campaign, the organisation became somewhat



On Board H.M.S. *Duke of York*

Admiral Sir Bruce Fraser, C-in-C. the Home Fleet, seen above with Rear-Admiral G. W. Morgan, was flying his flag in H.M.S. *Duke of York* during the recent Arctic action which resulted in the sinking of the *Scharnhorst*



Andrew Paterson, Inverness

## Shorthorn Fanciers in Scotland

Brigadier Lord Lovat, D.S.O., M.C., famous commando leader, is a noted breeder of Shorthorn cattle. With him here is Senor Carcano, the Argentine Ambassador, who made a trip to the Highlands to see some of the famous herds. Lord Lovat was decorated for his leadership in the successful commando raids on Boulogne and Dieppe in 1942

stretched and involved. Even these difficulties were not beyond General Eisenhower. He is rightly known as the Fixer.

## Surprise

AIR CHIEF MARSHAL TEDDER's appointment as General Eisenhower's deputy must have come as a surprise to most people when they first heard of it. Full consideration of the task that lies ahead, however, shows how wise it is. Air Marshal Tedder's experience will be invaluable. Here we have the recognition of the Royal Air Force and the part it must play, as General Montgomery has so recently stressed in his interviews on the methods of modern warfare. By his friendliness and modesty, Air Marshal Tedder has all the qualities necessary for perfect team work, by which alone can be achieved the maximum power to strike a mortal blow at the enemy across the Channel.

## Time

IT must be some time before General Eisenhower's headquarters are fully established, although it would be safe to assume that much of the ground work was perfected some time ago. One thing is certain. There will be no rush decisions, unless circumstances are suddenly imperative, a factor which must never be ruled out of consideration. I am sure that General Eisenhower's experience will always influence him on the side of caution. General Montgomery has shown that he is a man who believes in organising everything to the last button. So it would be wrong to assume that the





#### Supreme Commander of the Mediterranean Theatre

General Sir Henry Maitland Wilson, G.B.E., K.C.B., D.S.O., M.C., former C-in-C. Persia and Irak Command, now Supreme Allied Commander Mediterranean Theatre, has served throughout the war in the Middle East. He commanded the Army of the Nile in the first offensive against the Italians, and conducted the campaigns in Greece and Syria



#### Deputy Supreme Commander

The appointment of Lieutenant-General Jacob Devers as Commander of the American Forces in the Mediterranean and Deputy Supreme Commander under General Wilson, was announced recently by President Roosevelt. General Devers has been in command of the U.S. Forces in the European Theatre since last May

invasion of the Continent is almost upon us. The Germans will be compelled to suffer much uncertainty and many alarms before that happens, as much about the time and the place as anything else.

#### Nerves

THE Germans will do their utmost to force on the Allies a premature invasion of the Continent, and they most certainly would like to stage the precise spot for the landing in order that their reception plans can be fully used. They are so badly in need of a propaganda victory, as the escapade of the *Scharnhorst* showed, that they will risk anything to obtain a triumph of any kind. But it is German nerves which will be more frayed by the experiences of the next few months. Not even the assurances, and the admissions, of Field Marshal Rommel can help the Germans. What they want is some good news; and there does not seem to be any in prospect in Russia, Italy, or in the West. Meanwhile, there will be bombing and more bombing. Much may happen before General Montgomery issues his first Order of the Day to the British troops in action under his new command.

#### Necessity

THERE must have been serious political repercussions to unofficial reports in the United States that America was to provide 73 per cent of the invasion forces in the West, otherwise General Marshall and his brother Chiefs of Staff would not have issued their denial. The denial



#### General Alexander Commands in Italy

As a consequence of the recent changes in senior Allied military commands, in preparation for the campaign for the liberation of Europe, General Sir Harold Alexander, K.C.B., D.S.O., M.C., becomes C-in-C. of the Allied Armies in Italy

is worded in a way to help Americans to understand the immensity of the British effort. Britain has but a third of the population of the United States, and therefore the Chiefs of Staff want the American public to know that there will necessarily be more American soldiers in the invasion force than there can be British. The whole incident shows that we have not seen the last of the effects of Isolationism. It is very strong, and there is no doubt that those behind the movement—the diehards—will continue to fight throughout this Presidential election year. And, of course, we shall hear more of this kind of talk when Germany has been defeated and we turn to the war in the Pacific. In spite of this, the understanding between Britain and the United States has so far worked more smoothly than Allied relations in the last war. For this we have to thank President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill. Each in his special way has the power to influence and command the support of his people for agreed decisions.

#### Footnote

MOAN of an ex-officer in the last war: Why does the Admiralty, or the B.B.C., ruin the announcements of their successful actions by the recital of a long list of names, ranks, and decorations, not omitting the letters R.N.? If the Army and the Royal Air Force start listing the names of each soldier who leads a company into action, or officer who mans an aircraft, life will, indeed, become boring.



# MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Some Hints to the Critics' Circle By James Agate

INSPIRED by my old friend and revered colleague, Sydney Carroll, who weighed in during the Christmas holidays with a column article on a new play which he admitted he had not seen, I propose to write something about: (a) a film which I propose not to see, (b) one which I could not see, and (c) one which I did see. Sydney based his criticism of Terry Rattigan's *While the Sun Shines* upon things written about this engaging farce by people who had seen it; I shall do the same with *Jane Eyre* (Odeon). Beginning at the popular end of the critical stick I found one film reviewer who thought that Charlotte Brontë's novel was about a black-browed gentleman who bigamously married his servant. Another popular film critic, who also announced that he had not read the book, let it be seen that if he had read it he should have pronounced it rubbish. Neither of these gossiping gentlemen appeared to have the slightest notion that the thing on which the film had been based is still one of the glories of English literature. Now the fact that a book from which a picture is taken may be a masterpiece does not matter; the only points to be considered in the present connection are whether such a book tells a good story, and whether that story can be told cinematically. Still it is well for the film critic to be aware that there is a masterpiece in the offing, so to speak. Which, of course, raises a broader issue; this is whether film critics should be literate or illiterate. Possibly this is to encroach on the province of the Critics' Circle, who may, for all I know, hold the view that the first qualification of a critic is to bring to the art he criticises what is known in Fleet Street as a fresh mind, that is, a mind totally innocent of any of that education which, in an earlier age, was held to be essential to a critic. Thus untrammelled and unshackled the free spirit . . . Yes, reader dear, I could make out an excellent case for the Critic as Boor.

At the other end of the stick my young friend and revered colleague, Miss Dilys Powell, told me all I wanted to know about this film. And I can guess that she placed it exactly. Now let me go away from Charlotte for a moment and pay a call on another maiden lady who wrote novels, a lady of the name of Jane Austen. Among this writer's unfinished tales is one called *The Watsons*. In this there is a passage in which Lord Osborne expatiates on the merits of half-boots. The scene is an afternoon visit after a ball. Lord Osborne hopes that Emma has not caught cold, and relapses into silence. After much hard labour of mind he recommends half-boots for walking in dirty weather, and expresses the opinion that ladies should ride whether they can afford it or not. There is some discussion of this, followed by a second relapse into silence. Rising to take his leave, his lordship "recommended exercise in defiance of dirt; spoke again in praise of half-boots; begged that his sister might be allowed to send Emma the name of her shoemaker." The

late A. B. Walkley's comment on this was: "There is only one peer in Jane's novels, Lord Osborne, and he is an empty ass. 'Spoke again in praise of half-boots' settled him." This phrase of A. B. W. should be in more general use. Dear Dilys's "*Jane Eyre* is not innocent of monotony" settles this film as far as I am concerned. It hints, in a whisper to be heard from one end of Leicester Square to the other, that the film is dull. And if there is one thing I will not put up with at the pictures it is dullness. In a theatre, yes, for one of the conditions of first-rate art is that it does not exclude dullness. The mind must have its resting-places—a fact which, in their respective spheres, Michael Angelo and Shakespeare, Goethe and Beethoven have all known and recognised. Show me a work which is all sparkle, and I will show you a little work, perfect if you like but still not of the great order. We should not palliate a moment of dullness in, say, *Flodermans*; we are grateful for such moments in the *Ring*. But here again is matter less perhaps for this page than for the august deliberation of the Critics' Circle.

AND now to return to my friend Sydney, with whom we began. I am surprised that my colleague should believe and reaffirm that hoary nonsense which pretends that good actors by their good acting can persuade a critic that a bad play or film is in fact a good play or film. This is nonsense. It is only the bad critics who are so deluded; I challenge Sydney to produce a single instance in which Shaw, Walkley, or Max have been persuaded by good acting to mistake nonsense for sense. I challenge him to produce a single instance from the columns of the *Sunday Times* in support of his theory during the last twenty years. In the converse case it is the bad critic and not the good who is prevented from seeing the quality of a good play by the inefficiency of the actors. I challenge Sydney . . . But I am probably wasting my time. When it is pointed out to

him my old friend will realise as quickly as anybody that he has been writing Christmas nonsense.

WHAT exactly is meant by "the Nelson touch"? I have always taken it to mean valorous disobedience of orders, congratulations and honour if the thing comes off and a court-martial if it doesn't. The new film at the Leicester Square is called *The Nelson Touch* presumably because it is all about sticking to orders, come what come may. Still it takes more than titular contradiction to spoil a good picture, and this is a very good one. (I know, because this is the film I was lucky enough to see.) I don't profess to have the slightest knowledge of naval affairs, but here, it seems to me, is a first-hand representation of what goes on in a corvette. This picture cannot be accused of being literary, and has none of that self-consciousness which, it is pardonable to say at this distance of time, prevented Coward's *In Which We Serve* from being a complete success. The only false touch I noticed occurs at the very end. It seems that the six ships which the corvette, though badly limping, brings safely to port, wish to salute her. The crew of the corvette are lined up, and their eyes become what third-rate novelists call "suspiciously moist." One of the men says out of the corner of his mouth: "I wonder whether we shall be patched up in time to take them back again." And his chum replies: "If not, then there'll be others." This, of course, is the purest patriotic bunkum. The conversation of sailors nearing port can have only one printable subject: "Will The Pubs Have Run Out Of Wallop?"

I INVITE the Critics' Circle to exercise some control over the hats of their women critics. At the press show of *Cry Havoc* (Empire, January 10th) my view was almost entirely occluded by a hat which appeared to consist of a large pork pie surmounted by a small pork pie on the top of which a dicky-bird was perched, spreading tail feathers for victory. This preposterous fowl filled two-thirds of the screen, leaving one-sixth at either edge, so that I felt like one hearing a film on the wireless. From the dialogue I gathered that *Cry Havoc* is a tragedy, despite the fact that it is conveyed in familiar exchanges like "Skip it!" "I'm nuts on the guy," and "That dame sure has it in for me." Presently, to my everlasting shame and disgrace, I found I was falling asleep, possibly the result of sixteen consecutive hours of vigil at other and, I think I must say, less lugubrious entertainments. When I awoke I found my coat sleeve drenched with the tears of a friend whose view, since he was sitting behind a short and conveniently bald-headed critic, had not been impeded. I gathered from him that he had been moved by a noble story of nursing in Bataan. I therefore invite readers of the *Tatler* to view this picture for themselves, and form their own opinion about it. I do not admit that my opinion can ever be untrustworthy; I take my stand in the present instance on the firm ground that as I was prevented from seeing the picture I have no opinion. Will the Critics' Circle take some steps in the matter of feminine headgear, please? There are two other methods of dealing with this nuisance. One is that an attendant should be employed to deal with offenders, if necessary by force. The other is that these small private theatres should have their floors raked.



"Cry Havoc" is at the Empire

Margaret Sullivan and Ann Sathern are together in this latest film tribute to the work done by volunteer nurses of all nationalities in the battle zones around Manila. The film is based on the play by Allen R. Kenward





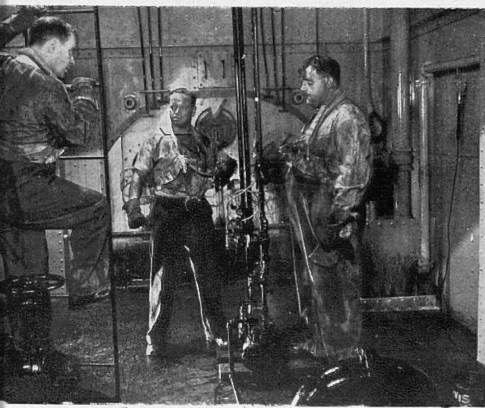
A Nazi U-boat Gun Crew Attack the Canadian Corvette K-225



Allied aircraft take over the fight as the corvette's guns cease firing. Lieutenant-Commander MacClain (Randolph Scott) gives orders as the machine gunner and Lieutenant Gardner (James Flavin) look on. In the background are Lieutenant Cartwright (James Brown) and Lieutenant Le Blanc (Edmund Macdonald)

## Canada's Tribute To The Navy

"Corvette K-225" Has Been Renamed "The Nelson Touch"



The less serious side of war is shown in the brawl between Jones (Murray Alper) and Walsh (Andy Devine), boiler-room mates

The Nelson Touch has been sanctioned by the Royal Canadian Navy as the official motion picture of the corvette warships; it was made with the co-operation of Canadian naval shipyards and of units of the British Royal Navy and Netherlands Navy, its cast being augmented by the officers and crews of corvettes. The picture has aroused the enthusiasm of Mr. James Agate because, he says, it seems to be "a first-hand representation of what goes on in a corvette."



Right: The end of a gallant fight is in sight when Lieut.-Cdr. MacClain shouts for more, and still more, steam



No doctors are carried aboard corvettes. First aid is given to the injured by Seaman Stone (Noah Beery, Jr.) and Smithy (Thomas Gomez)

Lieutenant Cartwright (James Brown) and Pincher (Barry Fitzgerald) have the satisfaction of seeing from their own battered but still living "little ship" the damage done to enemy U-boats by the corvette's guns





# The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

## Humpty Dumpty (Coliseum) Cinderella (His Majesty's)

PANTOMIME, like *Punch*, has never been what it was. The trouble is that, unlike Shakespeare and the Musical Brasses, it is not an acquired taste. Seen in youth, it is usually a case of love at first sight. Once an absolute monarch, as ribald as rollicking, King Panto has become a kind of constitutional cypher, and, like public opinion, he changes with the times. While retaining his seasonable state, he has reformed his manners, and rules (or misrules) less autocratically now, than by the favour of those ministers of aesthetics, the radio and the film, taking his time and tune from them. Whether this is considered an advance or a retreat depends on one's notion of progress, the prevailing desire of his subjects for relief from oppressive decorum, and the extent to which popular taste has been sharpened or blunted by wireless and screen.

He is also an evoker of jealous memories. Most playgoers recall their first pantomime with delight, though their reminiscences tend to become apocryphal and their comparisons odious. Fewer playgoers feel a similar delight in their last pantomime. Where, they ask, are the Principal Boys of yesteryear; those amiable amazons whose femoral opulence and swaggering patrol of the footlights, in full song and more than full regalia, were things for the imagination to boggle at, transcending as they did both art and nature?

The mere slapstick of today is felt to be a poor substitute for the lusty horseplay of yesterday. And whereas the songs of the past were catholic in their themes, which ranged from imperial defence to kippers, and had choruses that soared and roared triumphantly from footlights to the gallery, their successors are monotonously sentimental, and seem to aim at accommodating the private dance, rather than at bursting the public lungs.

SOME, but by no means all, of these comparisons may be provoked by the two current pantomimes, *Humpty Dumpty* at the Coliseum, and *Cinderella* at His Majesty's. True, Prince Rupert of Truly-Rural in *Humpty Dumpty* is elegantly bijou rather than flam-



Right:  
*Cinderella* is discovered in her kitchen by the gallant Prince Charming (Carole Lynne and Evelyn Laye)

Sketches by  
Tom Titt

Left:  
Two brilliant comedians, Tessie O'Shea and George Moon, appear as Trixie and Buttons



Four of the Leading Lights of Jack Hylton's "*Cinderella*"

boyantly amazonian but Miss Pat Kirkwood has a gallant swagger and the true challenge in her eye. She sings with éclat, woos and wins the Princess Marigold (Miss Norma Dawn) with élan, and survives the harmless necessary hazards of the plot, which is a teaser, with unflinching vivacity.

That august quartet, Messrs. Nervo and Knox, and Naughton and Gold, whose colusive transports are as yet less cataclysmic than they may become, do get-together for a spot of homely paper-hanging and white-washing in the royal kitchen, and this turns out very wet. It is a glorious excess of splash-splash and slip-slop, with the odds, not on the wall, but on the person; and though they are restricted to wartime whitewash, there is plenty of it. The pails start full, and they see to it that there are no heeltaps. Moreover, the rigours of a tortuous tale are mitigated by such other incidental distractions as choric and terpsichorean ensembles, the hair-raising feats of the Brothers Ganjou and Juanita, and scenic splendours crowned by a Palace of Sugar.

PRINCE CHARMING in *Cinderella* at His Majesty's is Miss Evelyn Laye at the top of

her footlight form; and *Cinderella* has the looks, the voice, and the popularity of Miss Carole Lynne. So the First Lady and Gentleman of this loveliest of fairy tales are worthily represented. The unspeakable Sisters are, I thought, more florid than funny, and Mr. George Moon's Buttons on the modern, that is the minor, scale. Miss Tessie O'Shea is a sight for the gods, whom Rubens might have immortalised. She always threatens to be as good as her looks, and once or twice brilliantly pulls her weight. Her humour is Falstaffian, and would carry the show if the text were willing. I had not seen her before, but shall not easily forget her. She and the incomparable Miss Laye not only know their stuff, but do it magnificently.

King Panto may be dying, as pessimists aver but so long as a tale like *Cinderella* is retained in his repertory, and is allowed to speak more or less its own words and good buffoons and gracious nobility attend his court and his physicians eschew radio, screen, and revue therapeutics, while prescribing the primordial simples, the unprejudiced young may continue to store such happy memories of their first pantomime as their fathers stored before them.



Stars of Emile Littler's Second London Pantomime, "*Humpty Dumpty*," at the Coliseum

Teddy Knox, Jimmy Nervo, Hal Bryan, Ann Stephens, Edna Proud, Pat Kirkwood, Norma Dawn, The Horse, Charlie Naughton and Jimmy Gold





Fred Daniels

## Aspirant to Film Fame: Miss Roberta Huby

London-born Roberta Huby has packed a good deal of adventure into her twenty-five years. She has been child dancer, juvenile artiste, cabaret star and vocalist band leader. She has understudied Bebe Daniels and played in intimate revue. In between, she has found time for marriage—in private life Roberta is the wife of Staff Captain John Roberts—and to produce a young son, Andrew, now rising two. With so much experience behind her, her ambition to be a great screen actress is based on the solid foundation of personal achievement. For the last few months, the success of Mr. Jack Hylton's production, *Hi-de-Hi*, at the Stoll, has kept Roberta fully occupied, but one day she plans to go back to films. And when she does, we may expect great things. Film work is Roberta's great love and she intends to make it the sphere of her success.



# On and Off Duty

## A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

### Honour for Belgian Club

DOYEN of the Diplomatique Corps, the Belgian Ambassador in London, Baron de Cartier de Marchienne, has reason to be proud. He has just succeeded in realising one of his dearest ambitions—to have a portrait of the King in the place of honour in the Belgian Club in Belgrave Square. Baron de Cartier de Marchienne is an old friend of both the King and the Queen, and so was able to make his request personally. When the King gave his consent, Mr. James Gunn was commissioned and special sittings arranged. The hanging of the portrait will be an important occasion, for all Belgians in London and other parts of Great Britain will regard the honour as a mark of the friendship which exists between their country and our own.

### £200 for Wool

TWO HUNDRED POUNDS for the Royal Household Wool Fund has been raised by Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret with their pantomime performances this year. It is a magnificent figure, and ensures that there will be no shortage of knitting wool in the Royal circle for many a long day. Literally hundreds of men in the Forces will benefit.

The show was a great success and loudly cheered by the audience, which included the King and Queen, the Duchess of Kent and her cousin, the tall, blonde Prince Philip of Greece, in the uniform of a naval lieutenant, Princess Helena Victoria and Princess Marie Louise. Young Prince Edward (who still insists on being called Prince Edward and not the Duke of Kent) and his sister, Princess Alexandra, made their first appearance in the Royal pantomime. With them were forty other children, most of them from a village school. Their parents were in the audience. Princess Elizabeth

proved herself an expert dancer. Both in her tap dance and in a waltz, in which she was partnered by her sister, she showed a perfect sense of rhythm, much to the pleasure of Madame Vacani, who arranged all the dance numbers; and Princess Margaret, with unconscious wit, drew roars of applause when, as the Princess Roxana, she spoke words which seemed doubly funny because they came from a real Princess. After the show, Princess Elizabeth entertained the cast, which included a six-foot-four Guards officer (he played the Genie of the Lamp), to tea. She thanked everyone for the help they had given, and spoke charmingly of the fun she and her sister had



### Married in November

Lady Forbes, formerly Miss Angela Gertrude Ely, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Ely, was married on November 9th to Sir Archibald Finlayson Forbes, K.B.E., of the Ministry of Aircraft Production

had in producing *Aladdin* with the help of her mother and father.

### Wedding in St. George's Chapel

A FEW days later the two Princesses took part in a ceremony of quite a different kind. They went to the wedding of the Crown Equerry's daughter, Miss Sabina McMurrough Kavanagh, to Lt. Alexander Williamson, R.N.V.R., son of the Hon. Kenneth and Mrs. Williamson and a grandson of the first Lord Forres, in the St. George's Chapel of Windsor Castle. The reception was held by Mrs. McMurrough Kavanagh in the nearby Norman Tower, which was lent for the occasion by Lord and Lady Wigram. The wedding had been previously postponed twice, and, as it was, the bridegroom got back to England from abroad only the day before, after some weeks at sea. Miss McMurrough Kavanagh was wearing a lovely dress of gold brocade with an old Brussels veil lent by Lady (Algernon) Peyton. Her attendant was the groom's sister, Miss Jane Williamson, in an Empire frock of cream satin with a Brussels lace cap. Both the bride and her maid carried matching bouquets of roses and orchids. The best man was Lt. Christopher Wake-Walker, R.N., whose



### Lord and Lady Temple

Major Earl Temple of Stowe, seen here with his wife, is serving in the North Somerset Yeomanry. He succeeded his uncle as the 6th Earl in 1940, and has one brother and one sister

engagement was recently announced to Lady Anne Spencer, who is in the W.R.N.S., as is the bride. Miss McMurrough Kavanagh drove to her wedding in a Royal "Clarence" behind a pair of Windsor greys. The weather was kind and provided the perfect setting. Later, at the reception, it was left to Sir Ulick Alexander to propose the toast, and soon afterwards Lt. and Mrs. Williamson left to spend their honeymoon in Scotland.

### Polish Christmas

THREE HUNDRED-ODD Polish boys are now in training in this country as R.A.F. apprentices. They arrived in Britain last August from the Middle East, after a journey through Russia, and their first Christmas party



### A Recent Bride

The wife of Capt. I. R. Poer O'Shee, Coldstream Guards, was formerly Mrs. John Hilliard, and is a daughter of Col. and Mrs. Graham Hutchison, of Bulingaghie, Castle Douglas, and granddaughter of Sir John Wood, of Hengrave



Catherine Bell

### Comtesse de Lesseps

The Comtesse de Lesseps has recently been entertaining British troops in Algiers, where her husband is working on General de Gaulle's staff. She is the only daughter of Major and Mrs. Noel Sampson





Harlip

Miss Della Maclean, daughter of Lady Maclean, of 10, Wilbraham Place, S.W., is to marry F/O. James Frederick Read, R.A.A.F., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Read, of Killara, Sydney, on January 13th



Pearl Freeman

### Brides to Be: Three Recent Engagements

Miss Dauphine Bosanquet is the daughter of Mr. N. C. Bosanquet, and will marry Lt.-Col. John Antony Hunter, M.C., 60th Rifles, son of the late Major-Gen. Sir Alan Hunter and Lady Hunter, in February



Miss Penelope Ann Steele, only daughter of Major and Mrs. G. Steele, is engaged to Lt.-Cdr. John Harvey Trevor Boteler, R.N., only son of the late Col. F. W. Boteler, D.S.O., R.A., and Mrs. Boteler

here was celebrated by a visit from the President of the Polish Republic, Mr. W. Rackiewicz. He inspected their living quarters and recreation rooms, saw the march past, and after speeches by himself and Air/Cdre. H. G. White, the officer commanding the station, sat down to dinner with the boys. There was British plum pudding on the menu as well as special Polish soup, and the Polish carols, the breaking of the blessed wafer as the boys greeted each other, and the Christmas-tree combined to give a complete picture of British-Polish unity. Each boy was given a warm sweater, the gift of the British War Relief Society of America, and a Polish diary, and quantities of sweets had been brought round the night before from nearby U.S. Army and Air Force stations.

### British Families' Guests

PRESENTS were given to the boys by the Countess of Jersey, who looked very pretty and gay in a brown fur coat and hat. She had two of the boys with her for Christmas, which she spent at the Old Palace, Richmond. They were not the only children in the house, for Lady Jersey's small stepdaughter was there, and so was Lord Jersey's nephew. Many of the boys spent their two weeks' vacation with the families of British apprentices with whom they have made friends at camp. All of them have been guests in British homes. Mme. Sosnkowska, the wife of the Polish Commander-in-Chief, did a great deal to make the party a success. She knows most of the boys personally and spends a great deal of time

with them. Two of them went to her for Christmas—one of them from her own district of Poland, as she discovered after her plans had been made.

### Christmas at the Sterlings

ONE of the gayest parties in London on Christmas Day must have been at Bute Lodge, the home of Sir Louis and Lady Sterling. Army, Navy and Air Force personalities of Britain and her Allies were there, as well as many from the literary, artistic and theatrical worlds. Field-Marshal Lord Milne, remarkably handsome in his beribboned tunic, and Lady Milne had with them their daughter Joan and her husband, Lt. James Rutland, R.N.V.R., who is leaving this country on an interesting mission.

(Concluded on page 24)



### Lord and Lady Cullen's Daughter Christened

The Hon. Julia Collbran Cokayne, baby daughter of Major Lord Cullen of Ashbourne and Lady Cullen, was christened at Rehampton Church. She is seen here with her parents, and three of her godparents; the Hon. Mrs. Gilbert Van der Noot, Major Philip Loos, R.A.S.C., and Miss Elizabeth Jackson. Lord and Lady Cullen were married in 1942



### A Family of Four in Sussex

Dr. and the Hon. Mrs. James Mitchell Anderson and their small daughters, Isabel and Fiona, were photographed in their garden at Hove. Mrs. Mitchell Anderson was the Hon. Cecilia Cavendish before her marriage in 1933, and is Lord Waterpark's eldest daughter

Compton Collier



## "Arc de Triomphe"

Mary Ellis Delights London in  
Ivor Novello's Play with Music



A voice and a few hundred francs are Marie Foret's sole assets when she arrives in Paris. She seeks out Paul Merrimer and begs him to train her for opera (Harcourt Williams, Mary Ellis)



Champagne does not tempt Marie from her chosen path of virtue. In spite of Adhemar's patronage, she is adamant in her refusal to allow him to enter her personal life. When war comes, she throws up everything so that she may do her bit by entertaining the fighting men



A Paris café gives Elisabeth Welch the opportunity to sing "Josephine"

● Mr. Ivor Novello's play with music, *Arc de Triomphe*, is at the Phoenix Theatre. It is an ambitious production ambitiously presented by Miss Leon-tine Sagan. It tells of a young girl of the Auvergne who comes to Paris to seek the fame and fortune which lie in her voice. She is successful, but her success costs her everything else in life most near to her heart. It is a sad little story, but the story is secondary in importance to Mr. Novello's music and to the beautiful performance of Miss Mary Ellis, who has lost none of her charm in the years she has been away from London, and whose sincerity of acting and lovely voice are a most constant delight



Coloured singer Elisabeth Welch shows her cabaret skill in "Dark Music" a number admirably suited to her own individual technique

Photographs by  
John Vickers



War work takes Marie to every hospital in the country. In one run by her friend, the Princess de Coligny, she learns that the lover of her youth, Pierre Bachelet, by this time even more famous than Marie herself, is dying as a result of war wounds (Raymond Lovell, Maidie Andrews, Mary Ellis, Netta Westcott)





Young love blossoms in the hearts of the young singer Marie Foret and her roof-top neighbour, Pierre Bachelet, a writer of lyrics. Pierre's love is the price Marie pays for success. (Peter Graves, Mary Ellis)



A farewell performance to her beloved Paris is planned by Marie. Adhemar, in an attempt to get his revenge on the woman he has loved but who has never given him her love, persuades her she is finished and should allow her niece to take the part. Only when Giselle feigns loss of voice will Adhemar consent to Marie's appearance (Raymond Lovell, Hilary Allen, Mary Ellis)



The Serpent in the Garden of Eden arrives in the person of Adhemar de Janze, a wealthy patron of opera and of the young girls who would become its stars. He offers Marie the part of Jeanne in his new opera "Jeanne d'Arc"—a part coveted by every singer in Paris (Raymond Lovell, Mary Ellis)



Jeanne d'Arc is beautifully portrayed by Mary Ellis in the closing scene of "Arc de Triomphe." In this, Mr. Ivor Novello has given full rein to his operatic ambitions and Miss Mary Ellis does justice both to his theme and to his music

# Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

COMPLAINTS (duly rebutted by E.N.S.A.) from the Middle East about Army shows "full of superannuated chorus-girls" remind us of a macabre experience in the historic city of Orleans.

Orleans is possibly the duller *trou de province* of its size in France. Its cathedral, destroyed by the Calvinists in the 1560's and rebuilt over two centuries, is the only ugly cathedral in Europe. Its citizens are half-dead with boredom, their last real piece of excitement having been the entry of St. Joan after the English siege in 1429. On the evening in question numbers of them were watching, in a kind of resentful paralysis, a third-rate touring revue called *Vas-y, Coco!* On the stage a raddled, creaking female shape was frisking with a *jeune premier* so arthritic but so game that any West End theatre audience would have burst into thunders of admiring applause. In the stalls behind us two moody voices spoke at last.

"Thy grandmother, Louise—that old screw will twist us yet, thou knowest."

"There is still the mortgage on the house at Ourques."

"Bah! I ask myself also what we are doing here."

"It is perhaps gayer than listening to Grandmother passing out."

"She does not try to dance, at least."

The interval arrived, the gloomy citizens of Orleans drifted en masse into the nearest

café, and we returned to the hotel, for we had to be up early next day to view the skull of Louis XI. at Notre-Dame de Cléry in the Sologne. And we wonder if the Middle East has forgotten its last London leave.

## Scourge

THIS current influenza epidemic, the *Daily Express* hastened to assure the populace, is "British 'flu," so anybody decent can have it without looking down his (her) nose, as happened when "Spanish 'flu" swept Europe in 1918. Not to speak of the influenza plague of unknown but obviously foreign nationality which devastated these islands in the 1880's, nearly ruined Kipling's wedding, and forced brown and even white horses to rally to the undertakers' assistance.

Actually, a Harley Street chap has assured us, all influenza epidemics come sweeping originally from the vast and evil plains of Mongolia, like Attila's Huns, who would have conquered all Europe had not Ætius thrashed and routed them at Châlons. But for this, the Island Race would have hideous flat yellow pockmarked faces instead of the clean-cut godlike pans it flaunts to-day, to the envy and despair of the universe; its legs would be thick and bandy and its personal habits revolting. The victory of Châlons, one of the fifteen decisive



"Now can you visualize Australia?"

battles of the world, was one of the first of those recurring miraculous recoveries of the Frankish race from disaster which General Smuts forgot to mention in that strange speech, at which we still marvel. Nobody has yet pointed out with a shrill falsetto giggle or two and a bit of incidental slap-and-tickle, that reference to France would be a typical smartly Brains Trust crack.

## Suggestion

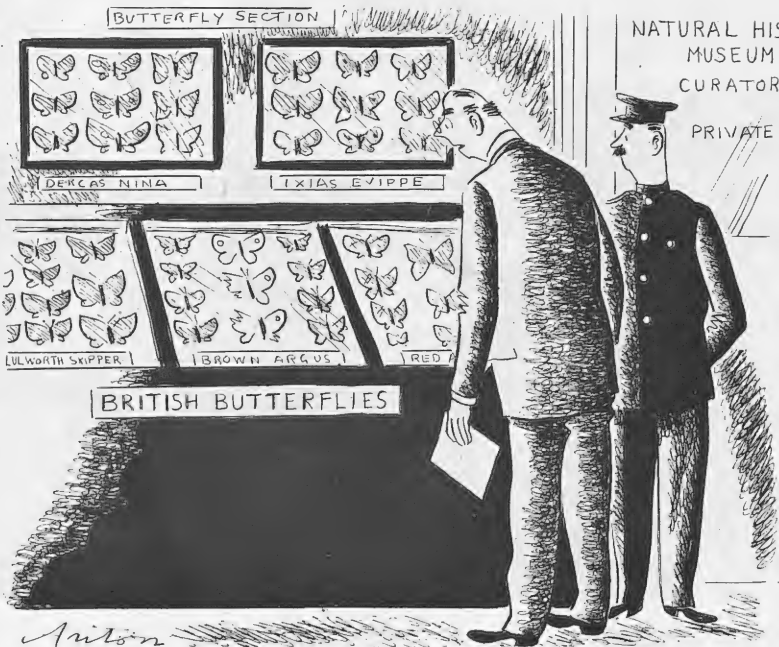
OF this year's revival of *Peter Pan* our spies report that all it still needs is re-writing all through, with new scenery, costumes, and music, Barrie having left nearly all the best of the book out of the play, as everybody knows.

Captain Hook is the most urgent case for treatment. That demonic Old Etonian might be any ordinary or Repton pirate in the play except for that dying screech of "Floreat Etona!" into which Gerald du Maurier used to put such subtle mockery, implying that his native Harrow could turn out better pirates (and maybe stockbrokers) with both eyes closed. In the book the Captain has a moment of superb, agonised self-examination, trying to decide whether it is good form to know you have good form, a typical heartrending Eton situation. Why Barrie left out this and other equally poignant *scènes à faire* we wouldn't know. The Nonconformist pirate Smee and his knife, again, have one good sadistic crack in the play ("Shall I tickle him up a bit with Johnny Teaser, Cap'n?") and practically fade out. Smee could easily become a terrific figure, a cross between Praise-God Barebones, Nero, Titus Oates, and the Baron de Charlus; to make room for which Wendy could be smothered by the fairies in Act I, amid general applause.

## Footnote

PROBABLY the reason *Peter Pan* is disappointing as a play is that Barrie wrote it for grown-ups, the chaps with paunches and eye-bags and grey hair and hard, keen faces, members of the M.C.C., whose mental age is the average mental age of the Race, which achieves mental maturity at 9 and goes permanently to seed at 14. Or so a tall shy girl told us once in the Athenaeum Long Bar.

(Concluded on page 14)



"Good heavens! The moth's got in"



# Naval Portraits

By Douglas Wales



Admiral Sir Henry Pridham-Wippell, K.C.B., C.V.O.

Admiral Pridham-Wippell became Flag Officer Commanding Dover last year. Previously second in command Mediterranean Fleet, he commanded a force of cruisers and destroyers in that sea in 1940-41, and was flying his flag in H.M.S. Barham when she was sunk.



Admiral Sir James Somerville, K.C.B., K.B.E., D.S.O.

Right: Admiral Somerville was appointed C-in-C. the Eastern Fleet in 1942. He was flying his flag in H.M.S. Renown, during the engagement with the Italian Fleet in 1940, and commanded the forces in pursuit of the Bismarck, during the bombardment of Genoa, and escorting Mediterranean convoys in July and September 1941.



Admiral Sir John Tovey, G.C.B., K.B.E., D.S.O.

As C-in-C. the Home Fleet from 1940 till March 1943, Admiral Tovey was in charge of operations during the chase and sinking of the Bismarck. After relinquishing the Home Fleet Command for reasons of health he became C-in-C. the Nore last March and was promoted Admiral of the Fleet in November.



Admiral Sir Henry Harwood, K.C.B., O.B.E.

Admiral Harwood, who commanded the victorious squadron at the Battle of the River Plate, succeeded Admiral Cunningham as C-in-C. the Mediterranean in 1942, and was appointed C-in-C. the Levant in February 1943. He came home on sick leave and relinquished his appointment in June.

# Standing By ...

(Continued)

## Ballad

USING over a recent fracas in the House of Commons, during which an overwrought Glamour Girl turned on a sneering back-bencher who was badgering her and shouted furiously "Oh, be quiet!" we found ourselves instinctively humming words to a tune. It turned out to be an emotional ballad entitled "I Must Write To My Mother To-night." Shall we sing it to you? Eh? Not at all. Ready?

1.

Division-bells were chiming in the twilight,  
The boys and girls were at their games and play,  
When through the Lobby tripped a tearful figure,  
And holding up her hand she shouted:  
"Say!"

(Refrain, slowly and with genuine feeling)

I must write to my Mother to-night, girls,  
For my conduct will give her the sick's;  
When a guy hands one lip,  
One should just let it rip,

And with nicer M.P.s try to mix;  
I'm sorry I gave him the razz, girls,  
I should not ought to let down the House,  
For Mother would say  
In her dear gentle way:  
"You're a lady—to hell with the louse!"

2.

Just as the motley throng began to jeer her,  
A manly voice cried hoarsely: "Men, she's right!  
If there's a man that's shamed by British girlhood,  
By Heaven, men, that man is here to-night!"

(Refrain, thickly, with suppressed passion)

I must write to my Mother to-night, boys,  
I've done wrong to a woman, 'tis plain;

In each fierce eye that burns  
Like Herb's, or like Era's,  
I detect utter loathing and pain;  
I see hatred and scorn in the glances  
Of Shinwell and Mander and  
"Bax"—  
O, let me not fall  
Abandoned by all  
But five marks and two Cabinet  
hacks!

3.

As these hot anguished words rang  
through the Lobby  
Each reveller stopped dead and  
shed a tear,  
A Minister cried loudly: "Motion  
carried!"

And sobbingly they sang and  
roared "Hear, hear!"

(Refrain, with manly and womanly  
fervour)

We must all write to Mother to-night,  
boys (girls),  
For Mother is listening in;  
Her heart it will bruise  
When John Snagge reads the  
news,

For she cannot bear vileanness or  
sin;

Let's drop her a postcard to-night,  
boys (girls),

With a good word by Sinclair  
or Stokes,  
And if she can stick it,  
And if it seems cricket,  
A.P.H. can wind up with some jokes.

## Chum

WATCHING their flocks by day, the National Sheep-Breeders' Association have been trying to decide the future of sheep in this country.

There are chaps who would pipe up instantly and say that sheep obviously have a pretty big future in this country, since about 600 of them will be running it for

Democracy as usual. We do not care for so-called or Bouverie Street. fun of this kind, and sheep moreover are no laughing matter. Their foolish faces and inane voices spelt the death of English agriculture to observers under the Tudors, and even today the Southdown sheep—who melts in your mouth, owing to her feeding on the luscious, salty, thymy turf of the Sussex Downs—reminds us between bites of ancestral voices crying doom. "Yea, those shepe is the cause of these mischeives, for they have driven husbandrie out of the Countrie, by the which was encreased before all kynde of victuall, but now altogether shepe, shepe, shepe." That was in Henry VIII's time, when farmers were bellyaching as to-day. The hayseed has got more or less used to sheep now, and sells the wool with increasing avarice to hardfaced brassyvoiced men in Lancashire and Yorkshire devoid of personal charm.

## Tonic

B.C. announcers who half-apologise every now and then at 8 a.m. for the dearth of exciting news are more restrained, we observe, than the Fleet Street boys, whose bitter agony on a grey day is such that—always the little mother—we find ourselves making up ideal sensational headlines at intervals to comfort them. Here is a front-page "splash" we sent a friendly editor recently, causing him to weep with envy, joy, and longing:

PEER'S AUNT'S MOTHER'S CHAUFFEUR'S  
NIECE KNITS £15,000,000 BATTLESHIP.

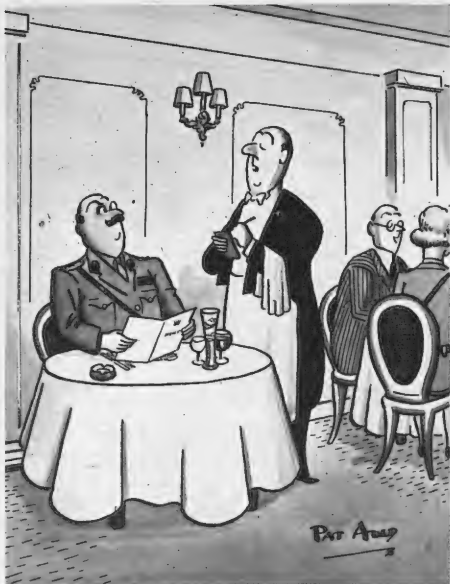
AMAZING MAYFAIR DRAMA SENSATION MYSTERY  
BISHOP'S PLEA FOR COMPROMISE AS  
5000 GIRL FIREMEN STAGE COMEBACK  
FOR £3000 DANCING MOTHER.

"THOSE TROUSERS ARE RUBY'S!"

—Liftman's Cry as Admiral Raps Food  
Ministry Pig Scheme.

The news-story underneath naturally begins: "A tired, silver-haired £10,000 woman sat weeping silently last night," etc.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"What would you have liked to follow, Sir?"



"Shove me, Cecil, please!"



Artist and  
Parachutist

Major Ian Fenswick, whose humorous drawings appear regularly in these pages, is able to depict from personal experience the feelings of those about to "jump" (see "The Tatler" of December 22nd). He was photographed by an R.A.F. photographer in his own parachute kit





Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

## Lend-Lease Chief in Britain: Mr. Philip D. Reed

The Honourable Philip Dunham Reed heads the United States Mission for Economic Affairs in London. His Mission represents five U.S. Government Departments responsible for Lend-Lease: War Production, Food, Shipping, Petroleum and Foreign Relief. Mr. Reed, who has been in London for his Government since July 1942, succeeded Mr. W. Averell Harriman, who was appointed U.S. Ambassador to Moscow in October 1943. Prior to coming to London, Mr. Reed served for eighteen months with the War Production Board and its predecessor, the Office of Production Management, in Washington. In private life he was chairman of the board of the General Electric Company, the largest electrical manufacturing company in the world. He is forty-four years of age, married, and has two children. His son is now with the U.S. Marines somewhere in the Pacific.



*John Peel's Country, Skidaw Forest*



*His Whip*

**D'ye Ken John Peel?**

Drawings by Lionel Edwards, R.I., R.C.A.





Carickside



John Peel, M.F.H.



Gone to Ground

This universally popular song has a strange background. The Fells are no popular hunting country, and John Peel himself was Master of a very minor pack. Yet his name has survived whilst many of the famous Masters of the packs in the shires, who made fox-hunting history, are forgotten. Many descriptions of Peel's sartorial equipment have come down to us. He is said to have worn a grey coat (not "gay") with brass buttons, a white beaver hat, knee-breeches and stockings. He usually wore shoes, but only one spur, and unlike the hunting-men of his day, he rode with a very short stirrup. Various relics of him, especially hunting-horns, still exist. Several are bugle-shaped, and one is circular (as depicted). He died in 1854, and is buried at Caldbeck. Peel's father was a horse-dealer, and he himself did a bit of coping. His pony, "Dunny" (14'3") was bought from a hawker in Carlisle, and most probably was a good 'un. Of the many hounds named in the song, perhaps "Ruby" should be mentioned here, as being walked by a dyer, who was very proud of her. He used to dye her sky-blue so that he could remark her foats in the field!



A Fell Hound

His Horn

## Barbara White

### First Film Find of 1944

The under-understudy who became the star—such is the fairy story come true of Barbara White. Not so very long ago Barbara was understudy to Mary Llewellyn, who understudied Glynis Johns in *Quiet Week-end*. When Glynis left the cast and Mary was away, Barbara got her chance. She was spotted by author-producer Victor Skutezley, given a screen test by him and handed the lead, opposite Robert Beatty (together with a five-years contract), in the very first film she has ever made. The film, *It Happened One Sunday*, will be shown in London within the next few weeks. In it, Dame Irene Vanbrugh makes one of her rare screen appearances. Barbara White's first acting experience was at the Stratford Memorial Theatre. Nineteen years old, she was born in Essex. The two photographs reproduced show her (below) as she is in real life, and (right) as Moya Malone, her first screen character



Photographs by  
Fred Daniels





# Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

## Tails Right Up!

**N**o need for any ginger! The wicket, as we are aware, is not too good, but it will roll out a lot better. We have a first-class side from Number One down to the heel, and we have a Skipper we all like. Our children's children are never likely to forget what Uncle Sam's Army did for them on Christmas Day 1943—a spontaneous act of great kindness, and one of Uncle Sam's best directs The Great Adventure. The Batting Order seems to be right, and what if we have a strong team of thugs against us! It is captained by a man who only knows how to shut his eyes and slog. He has not many strokes, and I do not think his selection can have been popular with the "Pro's." mediocre lot as they are, with not a Moltke in the whole boiling.

## A Wonderful National Asset

**T**HE recent Newmarket Bloodstock Sales are what is in my mind. In 1938, when there was no war, merely the unpleasant and unsettling threat of it, the figure realised was 242,279 guineas; in December 1942 the sales made only 162,613 guineas; in 1943, after we had entered the fifth year of the most devastating war in history, the total realised was 260,435 guineas. This is not merely an index of how things are going in this very bloody scrap, which hourly threatens to become bloodier still, but is further telling proof of the value of our bloodstock-breeding industry as a national trade asset. To touch figures like these with foreign buyers non-existent is a wonderful performance. The foreign buyer may not reappear in pre-war force for a quarter of a century or more, but the point to be marked is the virility of the market even in his absence. America and the Argentine will not be absent for so long as twenty-five years, but I cannot see any marked Continental activity under that period. The Germans have stolen most of the bloodstock in France, but it is comforting to think that neither "Von" Ribbentrop nor any of the other "rustlers" are likely to reap much eventual profit from the progeny of the stolen

animals, because, naturally, they must be barred from the British Thoroughbred Stud Book. How could any certificates of identity emanating from such tainted sources be accepted?

## Bargains?

**P**EOPLE who pay their money are always permitted to take their choice, and so it is entirely their own affair. The new literary owner of Happy Landing paid 13,500 guineas for him with a view to winning the Derby of 1944. I wish him all luck, and this colt is well enough bred to get the price back at the stud, but, if I read The Book aright, he will not win the Derby. He is said to suffer from thin soles to his feet—in other words, this means that there is not much between the sensitive laminae and the hard ground. I should hate to be a prophet of evil, but they do say that he cannot act at all unless the going is a bit more than yielding. This cannot be depended upon in the summer month in which the Derby is run. There is an old and true saying, "No foot, no horse," and I should think that this colt will be an abiding anxiety to his trainer. Way In, the other prominent sale, is, they say, intended for the stud. He started favourite for the Derby because so many people thought that he may have been unlucky not to have won the Guineas. We now know that he had two non-stayers in front of him in that race, Kingsway (bred to stay) and Pink Flower (of German extraction), and he himself finished tenth in the Derby, and on that I do not believe that he would, or could, have won the Guineas if it had been 1 mile 11 yards (old distance) instead of a mile. He is bred to stay, being by Fairway, but how can we believe that he does?

## Hard Going for Breeders

**I**N his recent and excellent speech to the Thoroughbred Breeders' Association, Lord Rosebery, the President, disclosed the fact that after taxes had been paid, Lord Derby received only £10 for a subscription to Hyperion—in other words, a total income from fees hardly enough to pay the cost of keep.

(Concluded on page 20)



O'Brien, Fermoy

## Hunting Holiday in Eire

Miss Carola Darley and Miss Rosemary Bell, daughter of Major and the Hon. Mrs. Bell, of Co. Cork, were out with the United Hunt, while on leave from Red Cross work in England



## Entertaining Troops in Tunis

Geraldo (left), the well-known band leader, en route for Italy, performed with his vocalists at the Garrison Theatre, Tunis. Owing to transport difficulties, his band was left in the Middle East

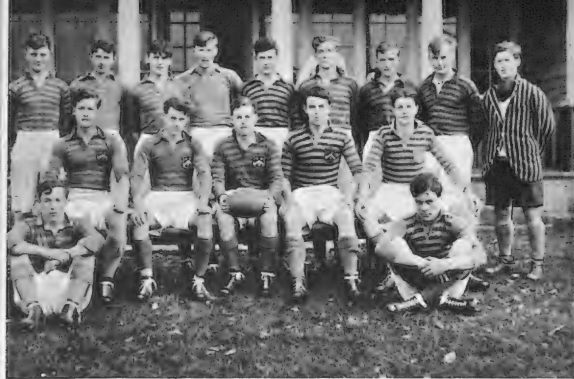


## A Performance of "Flare Path" by Stars in Battledress

Here are some of the 200 well-known actors and actresses entertaining troops at home and abroad, under the direction of Army Welfare: John Mann, John Longden, Wilfred Hyde-White, Joan Evinson, Kenneth Connor, Faith Brook, June Willock and Elizabeth Kirkby



Above is the company which took part in "Flare Path." The players come from a central pool formed in 1941 by Major Basil Brown, and the actors are all fully trained fighting men, who return to a depot for a further intensive training every three months



D. R. Stuart

### Fettes School Rugby XV.

Fettes had just defeated Glasgow Academy by 9-3 when this picture was taken. In front: J. A. Murray, C. M. G. Thom. Sitting: W. L. K. Cowie, K. N. Hall, W. Martin (captain), T. B. Cooper, R. N. Paisley. Standing: A. C. Grant, E. N. Younie, G. L. Willie, J. N. Ellis, G. P. M. Cuthbertson, J. A. W. Wilson, A. S. Law, M. Gray, B. H. Gale



### Administrative Staff of Desert Air Force in Italy

Sitting: W/Cdrs. B. Chadwell, E. G. Woodbury, O.B.E., G/Capt. G. H. Russell, D.F.C., Air/Cdre. J. Whitford, C.B.E., W/Cdrs. A. C. Strayford-Tuke, P. D. Finn, J. Fearne. Standing: S/Ldrs. C. F. Hamilton-Turner, B. B. Johnson, J. E. M. Mould, F/Lt. P. A. C. Haberecht, S/Ldr. H. N. C. Dixon, F/Lt. B. S. Bridges, S/Ldrs. D. W. Dobson, W. E. Tollworthy, J. Woods, T. D. Griffin

## Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

Resulting profit to the Exchequer is manifest. Lord Rosebery had small need to point out the lack of incentive that there was to owners to keep stallions, and he suggested that the Ministry of Agriculture, which paid no surtax or death duties, should adopt a practice which obtained in the days when France was France and buy and maintain stallions for the benefit of the community. The situation where good stallions are concerned has not been exactly eased by the death of Windsor Lad—a sad loss. With nothing to pay and all to get, the Ministry would be on velvet and in a very different position to the luckless private owner, who, as things are, cannot possibly make two ends meet, and, furthermore, has no chance of doing so until we have paid for the Second German War and have made things secure against the Third German War, for which the principal enemy is already boasting that he is making preparations. This means, of course, that we cannot beat our swords into ploughshares the moment we have beaten the Sauhund into pulp. This we did most foolishly upon the last occasion. It would be extremely stupid on the part of the United Nations to imagine that everyone can throw

his rifle away and go straight back to the primrose paths of Peace the moment that the "Cease-Fire" is sounded. Taxes, therefore, cannot be lightened until, not only have we struck the sword from Germany's hand, but permanently destroyed her means of forging a newer and sharper one with which to make yet another attempt to mow down the world at large. They called Mr. Churchill, for whose complete recovery we are all so anxious, a war-monger when he told the disarmament and appeasement cranks what was going on in the German factories almost before the ink was dry upon that precious document, the Treaty of Versailles.

### Shooting the Moon

A short time before this war broke out a scientific gentleman did his best to interest the travelling public in a scheme for trips to the moon per rocket. The idea was to fire the shell from a large-sized gun, and then speed it on its way by a series of rockets concealed in its tail feathers. As soon as the Thing got beyond the range of the earth's attraction all would be well, said the enthusiast, because the pull of the moon would do the rest. So far as I remember, he suggested supplying The Thing with a few spare rockets for the return journey, but he said nothing whatever about arranging for any kind of gun on the moon to give it the necessary kick-off of the kind it

was to have when it left the earth. Single fares, if I remember, were about £50,000. No one took this thing up, and I strongly suspect that my esteemed friend Alan Brock, who knows quite a lot about rockets, may have put some kind of a damper on it. It seems rather a pity that the Herr Doktor Göbbels did not have a talk with our best firework expert before he bucked so much about this new secret weapon, which, I gather, is a kind of bazooka, a thing that goes off both ends: all right if you know which end is going off first, just poison if you don't.

### The High Jump

A proud grandfather has sent me the following little story about high-diving. He writes: "Did I tell you my grandson was reported missing two months ago? We have since heard he is a prisoner of war. The young varmint baled out at 11.25 p.m. over — from about 20,000 ft. He and his pilot landed in The Drink, and were picked up by a Hun launch and taken to a camp near —. This modern method of landing in Germany differs from the one I used way back in 1889! He hasn't said anything about the following, but a repatriated prisoner of war told his mother that the best propaganda we have are the Red Cross parcels. The prison guards, he said, are more or less all browned-off, and the Hun soldier's morale generally very low."



### An R.A.F. Station Presents "The Yeomen of the Guard"

S/Ldr. A. J. S. Doble played Sgt. Meryll in the performance, which was attended by Queen Mary

L.A.C.W. Helen MacNab was Phoebe Meryll, and S/Ldr. John Wright took the part of Col. Fairfax

Sir Richard Cholmondeley, Lieutenant of the Tower, was played by S/Ldr. P. C. M. Dudeney

Cpl. Mickie Wright and Sgt. Fred Verity played the roles of Elsie Maynard and Jack Point





## "Can You Hear Me, Mother?"

By Wing-Commander E. G. Oakley Beuttler

Music makes you march, as every foot-slogger knows, and the Air Ministry encourages every squadron of the Air Training Corps to form a band. This one, forty-two strong and all under eighteen, belongs to No. 1847 Squadron (Exeter) and, thanks to the efforts of the C.O., F/Lt. W. J. Greenslade, R.A.F.V.R., is the star-turn in the South-West Command. The A.T.C., that vast voluntary organisation with some 20,000 officers and instructors, which provides the pool from which the R.A.F. draws its Air Crews, celebrates its third birthday officially on February 1st. The decision to maintain it after the war is wise and welcome, for the post-war years will need many young men trained for military and civil flying. The country owes a debt of gratitude to those officers and civilian instructors, all unpaid, who give up many hours of their time to train the A.T.C. Cadets

# With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

## Tunisia

**J**ORDAN'S *TUNIS DIARY* (Collins; 10s. 6d.) reaches us six months, after the finish of that campaign. This day-by-day journal of the *News Chronicle's* famous war correspondent contains facts and details, fruits of his own observation, that could not be included in his despatches, and of which many, at the time when they were still fresh, could not be expected to pass the censorship. The *Diary* embodies a personal running comment, on the political, as well as the military, conduct of the campaign in Tunisia, that is outspoken to a degree. Even now—

This book [the Publisher's Note tells us] has been submitted to Censorship, and it is fair to say that some of the passages in the following pages were demurred to by the authorities. It should be made clear, particularly to non-British readers, that the Censorship in Great Britain has no responsibility for personal views or political comments: for them the author remains solely and finally responsible.

Of sensational "revelations" the *Diary* holds none. The effect of its criticism is cumulative. Philip Jordan was sent out in October 1942 to "cover" the Anglo-American landing in North Africa, and was for a time the only, or one of the only two Allied Correspondents at the Front. He was out there up to the Axis collapse: the date of the last entry is May 8, 1943. His responsibility, both to the public at home in Britain and to the Forces preparing to fight, then fighting, in North Africa, was felt by him to be, and palpably was, immense. He sought to ascertain, and hoped to convey the truth, and not always was the truth palatable. Correspondents of such a kind do not seek power, but it seems inevitable that they should from time to time be told, as was Mr. Jordan, that they take too much on themselves. His position, unique and seldom enviable, carried with it, in his view, an austere and arduous duty. Busy men have not time to picture themselves, and men whose work is important before all are not likely to dwell on their own importance. But I should say that Mr. Jordan's attitude towards his presence in North Africa was this: he felt himself to be holding a watching brief on behalf of humanity. In his mind were the nations whose futures hung on the outcome of this campaign.

## Two Levels

ON one level, I feel the contents of *Jordan's Tunis Diary* to be outside the bounds of discussion in a review by me. To isolate incidents in it for discussion might be misleading. Equally, to quote some of the passages that most struck me might be mischievous. The book should be read, and judged, in its entirety. For my own part, I found the *Diary* not only deeply impressive as a document of the war, and excellently clear (as one might expect)

as an account of a campaign, but also an invitation to more direct thinking. Mr. Jordan's concern extends outside North Africa: some of the difficulties that had to be faced there will continue to confront us, as country by country, we fight our way across Europe. The implications of Tunis remain as important as ever now we have gained that victory; the lessons learnt at some cost will have to be applied elsewhere, so that hesitations in policy may not occur again.

On its other—the pictorial, anecdotal-level, *Jordan's Tunis Diary* provides first-rate reading. The purely descriptive writing is of a quality that makes a commendation impertinent. The alternate sensuous beauty and malignant dreariness of the North African scene is made to jump to the senses. The complete account of the Battle of Fondouk (page 228) and the picture of "Hill 609" (page 248) are, for instance, memorable. One is given the moments when action unrolled itself before this onlooker, to whom had been given the vantage-point, though not the serene indifference, of a god. Again, there are the random, impulsive jottings—true to diary form—of which many will make you smile. Food-hunts, food-prices, and occasional epic meals supply gastronomic interest; flowers, sunsets, cities distant or in startling changes of light add perpetual glints of beauty. The thumb-nail sketches of personalities are unfailingly telling, not as unfailingly discreet—



Swache

## First Night Personalities

The Hon. Mrs. Maurice Brett (Zena Dare) and Mr. James Agate, the famous dramatic critic and author, sat on the stairs at the Aldwych during the interval, at the London premiere of "There Shall Be No Night." Mr. Agate's film reviews appear weekly in "The Tatler."

but remember, this was a diary. I wished *Jordan's Tunis Diary* could have contained a map. Others—though these may be few—whose memory is as bad as mine, might do well to read with a map to hand.

## Californian Tale

IN James Gain's *Mildred Pierce* (Robert Hale; 8s. 6d.) I found one more of those novels impossible to put down. Why is it that some novels will not let one go? The avidity with which one reads on and on becomes in itself fatiguing, and may leave one, by the finish, a little cross. A reaction, even, may set in: one drops the book, yawns, scowls (has one been made a fool of?) and says, "Well, that is that; that is all it was!" Such ingratitude to the author is inexcusable—but he can afford to forgive one: he has put something across.

Writing that does this to you is not a trick: its tautness, and its tautening effect on your nerves, is the result of sheer professionalism. The creation of a character, or of characters with whom the reader becomes involved in a moment, up to the hilt, without even knowing whether or not he likes them, is an art that nothing can teach, but that hard work, only, brings to its high point. This non-stop technique of story-telling is not, we may take it, arrived at just by chance.

*Mildred Pierce* is the story of ten years in the life of a young, or youngish, grass widow, living in a suburb of Los Angeles. It is, also, a ruthless story of American class-consciousness. Glendale, that residential estate of already rather demodé Spanish-type model homes, is contentedly middle-class—so is Milly. Our heroine, unlike her daughter, asks nothing

# CARAVAN CAUSERIE

THROUGHOUT the months he was fighting in the Middle East, months which seemed like years, he thought only of home, of his wife, of his family, of his friends, of his old home-town or village. To return to them was his one secret prayer. To be once again free of Army life, his one ambition. Over and over and over again he lived in imagination this day of his return. Would it ever dawn? His heart gave both a joyous as well as a fearful answer.

Yet, Fate so willed that he did return; wounded sufficiently seriously to give him his discharge, but not so severely as to make him 100 per cent. pensionable. The first few weeks of his homecoming was a mad rush to see everyone he knew, and to be welcomed by them with arms outstretched and nightly celebrations in home or pub. His loved ones were by his side, telling him all that had happened to them during his absence; his friends surrounded him, anxious to listen while he told them what had happened to him during the intervening years. Everything had all the outward appearance of a joyous reunion, as, indeed, it was. And yet, somehow or other, after the novelty of it all had died down, he found himself strangely lonely, strangely restless.

Deny it to himself as he might, he began to find himself alone. His home-life was as happy as it had ever been, his friends as numerous. Yet, to listen to them, especially when they talked of the things which matter most, sounded rather

By Richard King

like the prattling of adolescents. It seemed as if between himself and them there was a gap which widened as the weeks became months, until, at last, he appeared to be, within himself, older than the middle-aged. They weren't talking his language. Worse still, they were completely ignorant either of the gap or the alien tongue. Until at last he began to wander about by himself, often preferring solitude to the company of those he knew and loved. Only then did it appear to him that he became truly, vitally, even happily—himself.

As a serving soldier, he had never dreamed that this could possibly happen. Yet it has happened, and only he knows the secret truth behind it all. What he has seen, what he has experienced, what he has known in human degradation and human glory, seem to have placed him apart from all those who had never lived through such personal contact and could never perceive the deep mental and spiritual significance behind the revelation. His present life resembles an existence lived in a box. He misses his old companions, the old comradeship, the carefree hours which belonged to the day when his work was over: the flashes of pure fun they all had between one duty performed and another begun. Above all, he misses his old comrades. Where are they now? Will he ever see them again? Until he does, he will never, deep down within himself, rest content with home. They alone, for good or ill, share a secret vision.

(Concluded on page 24)



# Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's"  
Review of Weddings



*Fairbairn—Sweet*

Cdr. Alan Bernard Murray Fairbairn, elder son of Vice-Admiral B. W. M. Fairbairn, C.B.E., and Mrs. Fairbairn, of The Lodge, Brixham, near Plymouth, married Miss Adeline Hilda Sweet, daughter of Lt.-Col. E. H. Sweet, C.M.G., D.S.O., and the late Mrs. Sweet, of Oaklands, Crowthorne, Berks., at Holy Trinity, Brompton



*Edwards-Moss—Coke*

The wedding of Capt. Thomas Richards Edwards-Moss, Scots Guards, and Miss Bridget Doreen Coke, took place at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks. The bridegroom is the younger son of Mr. John Edwards-Moss, of Bowside Lodge, Strathly, Sutherland, and Mrs. Edwards-Moss, of Henley-on-Thames, and the bride is the daughter of Major the Hon. Richard Coke, of Weasenham Hall, King's Lynn, and the Hon. Mrs. Doreen Coke, of 15, West Halkin Street, London, S.W.



*Vickery—Howarth*

Right: S.Ldr. L. D. Vickery and Miss Audrey J. Howarth were married quietly at St. Mary's, Wimbledon. He is the son of Mrs. L. G. Vickery, of Andover, and she is the younger daughter of Sir Rupert and Lady Howarth, of Neswick, Parkside, Wimbledon Common



*Jackson—Howard*

Mr. Frederick Hume Jackson, R.A., only son of Major-Gen. and Mrs. G. H. Jackson, of The Cottage, Brompton-by-Sawdon, Scarborough, married Miss Geraldine Mary Howard, only daughter of the late Hon. Michael F. S. Howard and Mrs. Howard, of 110, Clive Court, W., at St. Peter's, Vere Street



*Rhodes—Martin*

Mr. Brian V. Rhodes, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Rhodes, of Lincoln House, Heckmondwike, Yorkshire, and Miss Joan Martin were married at St. Saviour's, Walton Street. She is the youngest daughter of Sir Alec and Lady Martin, of Crossways, Shaiford, Surrey

## ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 9)

Admiral Charles Daniel, the Director of Naval Plans, brought along his wife and daughter, and represented the Navy, and playwright Terence Rattigan, in the uniform of an air gunner, the Royal Air Force. The lovely rooms of Bute Lodge seethed with the moving forms and faces of the famous. Sir Arnold Bax, Master of the King's Musick, stood cheek by jowl with Mr. Peter Page; Miss Harriet Cohen listened admiringly while a young naval lieutenant "swung" a number on the piano; our own James Agate, armed with an enormous bouquet of giant white chrysanthemums, played squire to his hostess; Mr. Charles B. Cochran and his wife talked with Miss Mary Clare; Mr. Mark Hambourg passed the salad to Australian journalist Eric Baume, who by now must be well on his way to his homeland; Mr. Cyril Asquith had his Belgian wife with him; Capt. Paul Bennett, V.C. of the last war, was there; so were Sir John and Lady Mactaggart; author-playwright Louis Golding; pianist Benno Moiseiwitsch; Professor Edward da Costa Andrade, and Mr. Bob Harley.

### Other Parties

ANOTHER party, this time on Christmas Eve, was at the All-Services Canteen Club. Here over a hundred serving men of all the Allied nations were entertained to lunch by Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Eden. Catering had been left in the capable hands of Mrs. Littlejohn Cook, who had been saving rations for months for the party, and turned out the most wonderful spread, which included Christmas puddings with a real pre-war flavour and real sherry trifles, nearly all of which had been made by Mrs. Littlejohn Cook herself.

Still another party was the second and last of the year's balls for Queen Charlotte's Hospital. As usual, Lady Hamond-Graeme had the largest party, Lady Kitty Verney, Lady Irene Haig, the Hon. Mrs. Edward Ward, Miss Joan Smith-Ryland and Miss Anne Fleming being among her guests. The Countess of Kenmare had a table, but was not there herself. Instead her daughter, Miss Patricia Cavendish, came with Miss Mary Currie and Miss Anne Alston. Others there included Lady Dashwood and her daughter Sarah, John Currie and Robin Hudson, Mrs. Robert Hudson and Mrs. Arthur Guinness.



Allied Tea Party

The Hon. Mrs. Stourton was the hostess at this tea-table at the Overseas Club, where men and women of all the Allied Forces can go and meet one another when they are in London



Chinese Visitors for Lady Cripps

Members of the Chinese Goodwill Mission visited Lady Cripps at her Aid to China Fund depot in London. She showed some of the exhibits to Dr. Wang Shih Chieh, head of the Mission

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 22)

better; but the Depression hits her household, her marriage goes wrong, she is left to fend for herself and her two children, and the unexpected success she meets, in the course of this, plus the snobbishness of her elder child and her own lover, combine to sweep poor Milly into deep waters. Having married before she was seventeen, and since then seen little outside her home, Milly, at twenty-eight, has just two assets: an attractive figure and superlative cooking. Bert, her husband, got down by the Depression and his drop from importance and prosperity, refuses to look for work, and spends the greater part of his time playing rummy with a Mrs. Biederhof. So, one fine day, Milly rounds on him and turns him out.

It is at this point that her adventures begin. First Wally, whose unattractiveness makes him seem likely to be of more sterling worth than he is, then the glamorous Monty, who plays polo and lives at Pasadena, come into Milly's life. Still more important, she opens a restaurant—specialities: fried chicken and pies. Everything, however, remains subsidiary to Milly's ruling passion for her spoilt, talented, lovely daughter Veda. To satisfy Veda, to be loved by her, to gain prestige in her eyes—these wishes motivate all that the mother does. Veda is Milly's weakness, but, at the same time, her glory. For Veda's sake she attempts, so courageously, to bridge the gulf between Glendale and Pasadena. She might, even, not have thought twice of Monty if Veda had not admired him.

### What it Takes

MRS. PIERCE not only is a character, she *has* character; in her own way, she is a great girl. The sudden stands she makes command one's admiration: these are always signalled by her mild blue eyes assuming a threatening squint. Her husband, the passive Bert, and her hard-boiled next-door neighbour, Mrs. Gessler, also keep one's attention—Mrs. Biederhof, unfortunately, remains off-stage. And Milly's younger daughter is so alive that her death is desolating.

Glaring Californian sunshine and dangerous storms, boulevards and cafés, and sprayed, trim lawns provide the atmosphere of the story, in which Hollywood-interest plays no part. You may find some incidents crude and shocking, the characters coarse-grained, the plot far-fetched. These objections may, or may not, put you off *Mildred Pierce*. As I said, both this Mildred and her story have what it takes to make me read on and on.

### Country Life

"THE SILVER BALL," by Susan Tweedsmuir (Hodder and Stoughton; 8s. 6d.), is as sympathetic and delicate as *Mildred Pierce* is unsympathetic and harsh. This is a novel that one reads not with fever, but with conscious enjoyment—drawn to the characters, interested in the situations, responsive to the atmosphere. Katherine Gray, her friend the Vicar, her neighbour Sir George, the unattractively rich Mrs. Lavington, Miss Leslie and her artist nephew on a visit from London—all these are not types, but show a refreshing originality. And, again, the small town of Woollington, the village of Little Woollington, and the country landscape around them, are not touched in with the obviousness of one kind of water-colour, but have a startling, still clearness, sometimes approaching uncanniness, of their own. As Miss Leslie finds, in the course of an August visit, more goes on in the country than you would think.

One has the sense, all the time, of something just round the corner. Katherine Gray, as a young middle-aged widow with a small stone house in a village, could not, superficially, lead a quieter life. Deliberately, perhaps, she has withdrawn herself; she has set out to be satisfied by small things. Wykeham, the beloved home of her marriage, has been lately sold by her son, whose wife refuses to live there—Katherine's relations with this odious daughter-in-law, though touched in lightly, are very skilfully done. Throughout the novel, one feels the old world, with its traditions, its sacrifices, its non-material values, being assailed by the new—with its bleakness, its appetites, its contempt for the intangible and its passion for quick returns. In the end, though, the old world proves the more durable; in a strange way Nature is on its side.

Lady Tweedsmuir creates, in her chapters, a number of scenes in which feeling and comedy stay in excellent balance. Katherine's visit to the dreadful Denton-on-Sea, the vicarage dinner-party, with its succeeding rumours, the exhausting preliminaries of the village fête. Katherine, the charming heroine, has two engaging bad habits—she reads too many detective stories and she smokes too much. Her faintly troubled awakening, her return to a fuller life through painting, a new friendship, the need to defend an old one and the sense of some unnamed supernatural threat, is the major theme of the story, but there are others. *The Silver Ball* is set in the time between the two wars.

### Then and Now

"THE WRITING ON THE WALL," compiled by Charles Rosner (The Sylvan Press, Nicholson and Watson; 4s.), is a fascinating album of cartoons, broadsheets and prints of the time of the Napoleonic War, so arranged as to bring out the parallels between then and now. The broadsheets, with their stirring calls and injunctions, are longer-winded than are our war posters, but the cartoons and caricatures, in their malice and their vivacity, have little to learn from ours. You see also, projected in French prints, some of Napoleon's ideas for the invasion of England—air-borne troops, floating fortress, combined operations, etc. Our Home Guards' ancestors are shown well to the fore. The retreat from Moscow is signalled in Russian cartoons of the most spirited.



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Something new in high-speed fastening—look left for the idea in detail. It's a Slimma skirt (6 coupons). They vary in price from 25s. 9d. to 135s., according to style and material. . . . From all big Stores. The blouse is fine wool, beautifully tailored 25s. (6 coupons). . . . From Simpson's of Piccadilly



Left: Tailored and warm, in fine wool gaily chequered. 84s. approx. (6 coupons). . . . From Jaeger

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Stories from Everywhere

AT two o'clock in the morning a woman telephoned the manager of a large department store. After much ringing, the manager answered with a sleepy and gruff "Hello!"

"This is Mrs. Soandso," said the woman. "I just couldn't help calling you personally to tell you that the hat I bought at your store last week is simply marvellous. I don't know when I've liked anything so much."

"That's all very nice," yawned the manager, "but would you mind telling me why you call me at this hour of the night about a hat you bought last week?"

"Because," she replied, sweetly, "your van has just delivered it!"

A GOLFER had just completed a very successful round and gave his caddie threepence as a tip. "Thank you, sir," said the caddie. "I can tell fortunes with pennies. Would you like me to tell yours?"

"Yes, go ahead."

"Well, sir (looking at his hand with the three pennies on it), the first tells me you're a Scotsman."

"Right."

"The second that you're a bachelor."

"Right again."

"The third that your father was also."

THE woman entered the bank. She had some bills and cheques to deposit, so she procured a deposit slip which required the listing of bills, specie, and cheques.

She listed the bills and cheques in their respective places, but was in doubt what to list under specie.

After a few moments' thought she wrote after the word specie "Female," and handed in her deposit.

THE attractive blonde took off her clothes and climbed on to a wheel-table. The nurse covered her up with a sheet, trundled the table into the hall, and left her while she went back to get instructions.

Presently down the hall came a man clothed in white. He paused as he came to the girl, lifted the sheet, dropped it, and proceeded on his way. Behind him came another white-clad figure, who followed the same routine. A third figure appeared. Lifting the sheet he stared intently.

"For heaven's sake," cried the nervous patient, "when are you going to operate on me?"

The white-clad figure carefully replaced the sheet. "Darned if I know, lady," he said. "We're just the painters here."

A BOMBASTIC man met his somewhat henpecked friend, whose badly injured face suggested a recent motoring accident.

"Good heavens," his friend exclaimed. "How did that happen?"

"My wife. . . !" the injured one began.

"Your wife?" was the breezy reply. "Ah, evidently you haven't acquired the secret of married bliss. I never have a row with my wife. I have no secrets from her."

"Neither have I!" the henpecked one moaned.

"I only thought I had!"



*Nervo and Knox are in "Humpty Dumpty"*

*The two well-known comedians, Jimmy Nervo and Teddy Knox, are in Emile Littler's pantomime at the Coliseum. They are accompanied by their faithful steed, Penelope. With them here is Norma Dawn as the Princess Marigold. "Humpty Dumpty" was written by Emile Littler and is produced by him*

THE young husband eyed the greyish concoction with misgiving. Bravely he dug a spoon into the mystery, and began to eat.

After a few moments he straightened himself, eased his collar a little and asked: "What do you call this, darling?"

"It's date pudding, dear," beamed his young wife.

"Oh, yes," he breathed, "but—er—what date?"

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By Oliver Stewart

## Giving Them The Works

ALLANT efforts have been made by the Ministry of Aircraft Production in the dissemination of information about enemy aircraft and aero engines. There have been very great improvements in this respect during the past year or so and we now have authoritative pronouncements upon many important enemy machines. The M.A.P. has, in fact, put itself on the map. There is still, however, room for improvement in distribution of early information; in the delicate process of letting cats out of bags. I cannot think that there is any sound reason for withholding the early and necessarily partial information that comes in about new kinds of enemy aircraft. For instance, it was during about the middle of December that I first heard a direct report of a Messerschmitt 209 (there had been rumours before), which is a development of the 109 but carries more powerful armament and has a number of other modifications. But up to the time of writing this particular cat (to adapt the schoolboy's famous mixed metaphor) had been hidden under a bushel—or, in other words, the light had not been let out of the bag.

I think we would also have been glad of some official reference to the stories about the Focke-Wulf 190s with wooden wings. And I still have one small criticism to make about the way in which information about enemy machines is put out. It occurred to me when I was looking at a report on the German "Volkswagen," which is the enemy's jeep. It was a report produced by the Rootes group and it seemed to me to be a model of the way these things should be handled. It covered the whole of the inspection of the German car from the time it was received at the works to the time it had been completely dismantled and assessments had been made of the materials used and of the design. The work on this small vehicle occupies sixty-four large pages and is illustrated with many photographs and diagrams. Although it is not strictly within my sphere, I must refer to one or two things which seem of interest in this car. The engine is air cooled and uses a fan and

cowling. It is a four-cylinder horizontally opposed unit and is mounted in the back of the vehicle. Another curious and interesting feature is the "limited slip" differential. This is a useful innovation for a military vehicle because it helps in moving over soft and slippery ground.

My purpose in referring to this fine report is to show what can be done when an enemy vehicle or aircraft is captured and when it is subjected to the fullest inspection by specialists. I am not for one moment suggesting that the inspection of captured enemy aircraft is less complete or less profound than this. I am only suggesting that the manner in which the final report is presented might be improved if all the facts were ordered in logical sequence as they are in this book and put together in a single volume. It must be remembered that this work of assessing the quality of enemy aircraft is of permanent value and should be of assistance to our engineers when peace comes.

## Gatwick

PLANS for airports are having a period of popularity, and it is a puzzling thing that those who seem to be devising plans for the rebuilding of our great cities make few references to airports. The London schemes I have seen, though they often take in airport requirements, never seem to look on airports as the starting point of a general scheme. Yet perhaps this is the way in which they ought to be looked on. I suppose it is true that transport is the thing that was chiefly responsible for wrecking the big cities. Transport, by improving in efficiency, enabled people to pour in and out of their places of work in increasing numbers and shorter spaces of time. They put up the loading in the cities without altering the buildings which had to take this loading. The result, as some of us remember



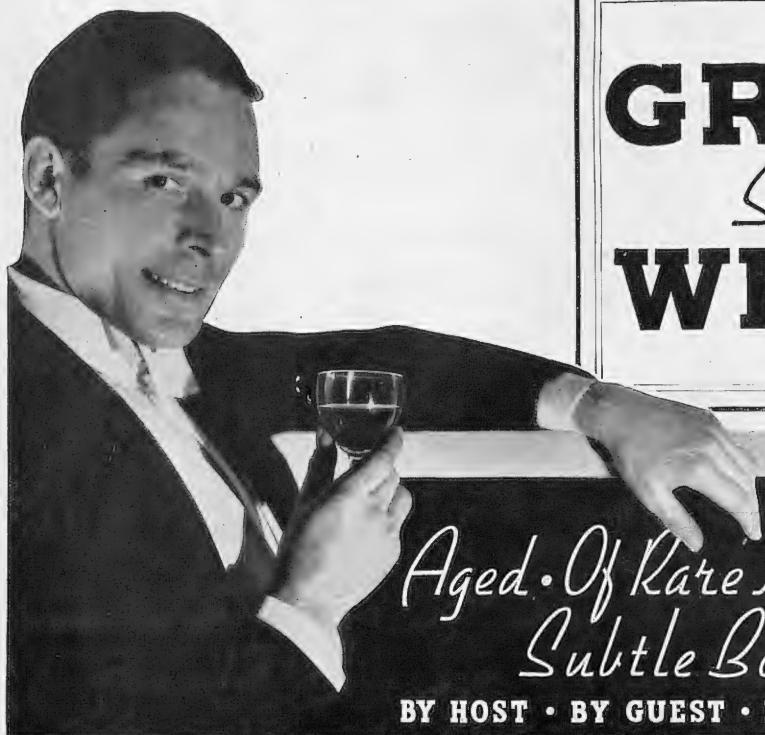
A Bar to the D.F.C.

F/Lt. P. F. (Mike) Allen was awarded a bar to his D.F.C., and went to a recent investiture at Buckingham Palace to receive it. With him was his wife, S/O Betty Allen

(but many have already forgotten), was chaos in the streets with the most fantastic traffic jams. Unless we plan ahead for aviation it will certainly bring in its wake equally bad conditions though of a different kind. Consequently we ought at all times to take notice of practical schemes produced by practical men for the establishment of airports suitable for serving our big cities. Mr. A. M. Desoutter, of Airports Limited, took an initiative in this matter when he arranged for Norman and Dawbarn to prepare a report showing the potentialities of Gatwick.

The most interesting scheme is what is called "The Continental." This visualises a diversion of the Brighton Road and the removal of the racecourse and existing buildings, and the culverting or diversion of parts of the River Mole. Gross lengths between the aerodrome boundaries under this plan would be 3,300 and 3,330 yards and parallel runways would be available of 2,500 yards length. There would be subsidiary runways of about 1,500 yards in length. The scheme itself holds together well and is a most fascinating thing to study. But I am exercised as to a broader aspect. Ought we in this manner to act on the assumption that an airport suitable for the aircraft of the future must be outside the city itself? In other words, must we assume that an airport in central London will always be impracticable?

I do not subscribe to the idea of turning Hyde Park into an aerodrome. It would be a tragedy if the few blades of grass and trees that are left in London were to be obliterated to make way for concrete runways and tarmac aprons. London should remain a place which can be lived in as well as travelled to. But there are parts of London where the scheme of the roof-top airport seems to me to be a practical possibility.

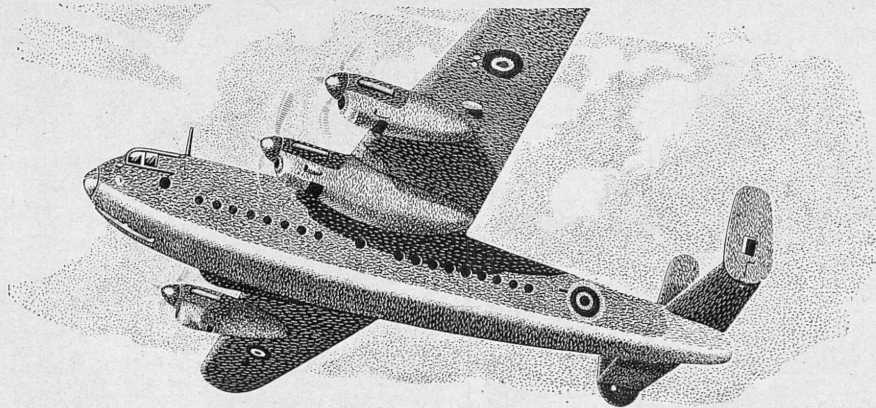


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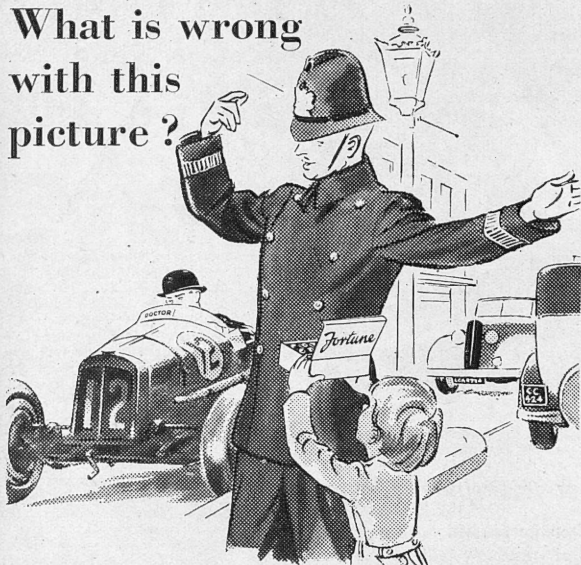
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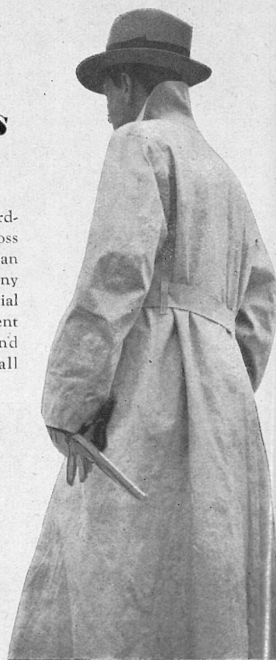
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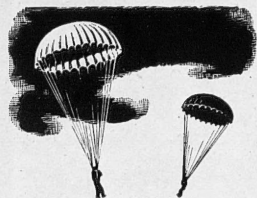


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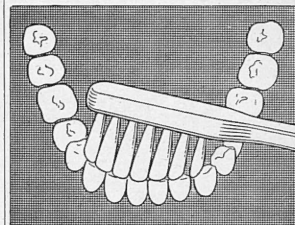
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